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### SUMMARY OF NEWS.

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#### Politics of Europe.

There were no Arrivals from Sea yesterday. The *Daw* from Madras brought us an *EXTRA COURIER*, dated Tuesday, January 15, 1822, of which the following is a copy:—

"We hasten to inform our readers that Letters have been received from Bombay, communicating a confirmation of the important information received some time ago, that Russia had declared War against the Turks; and they add, that the *SHAH* of Persia had declared for the former, and was to assist the Emperor *ALEXANDER* with Forty Thousand Men. Part of this force had actually marched to the Turkish frontiers, and the remainder was to move in a few days. A Letter bearing date the 15th of September, from *Ispahan*, states a still more important piece of Intelligence, viz.—that Lord *Exmouth* had taken possession of Egypt with 12,000 British Troops, but whether to favor the Russians or Turks, the writer does not profess to know. He says it was doubtful, but that it was supposed the former, as several British subjects of high rank had been extremely ill-treated at Constantinople, and some were actually murdered. Be this as it may, the news are of the highest interest and importance to the whole world."

It appears that this is only a varied edition of the News announced by us from Bombay some days since. We feel it our duty, however, on this, as well as on all other occasions, to present the Reader with whatever may reach us, stating the authority from which it is derived. In the present instance, we are scarcely prepared to offer any opinion on the events described to have taken place. That the Russians should declare War against the Turks is more than probable; but that the Persians should have joined the former, seems less likely; unless under some highly advantageous arrangements, and a strong guarantee of security for their own possessions on the Russian frontier. Lord *Exmouth's* occupation of *ALEXANDRIA* appears to us the least probable of all the events mentioned; but if it be true that any English person of high rank had been murdered at Constantinople, the English would not, we hope, be backward in avenging their death, and protecting the British name from insult, and British subjects and property from aggression and spoliation. On all these circumstances, however, we must suspend our judgement until the information reaches us in some less questionable shape.

*Coronation.*—It has been said, we know not how truly, but the story we recollect is told in one of the volumes of the *GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE*, that the Pretender was present in the crowd at the coronation of his late Majesty *GEORGE III*; and some one knowing him expressed secretly his surprise—"Of all the people in the world, I least expected to see your Majesty, or your Highness, present at such a ceremony." "Why not?" was the reply; "I am not the most unhappy person connected with this pageantry." Several Queens have been present at similar ceremonies, though, with the exception perhaps of the wife of *CHARLES I*, not Queens-Consort. *CATHERINE PARR* attended at the coronation of her stepson, *EDWARD VI*. *CHARLES I's* Dowager—a lady, by the way, not vastly free from imputations after the murder of her husband—was present at that of her son, *CHARLES II*; and, which is more remarkable, the widow of *CHARLES II*, attended the coronation of his immediate successor, *JAMES II*. We find, also, by reference to the ceremonial of the late King's coronation, that the Princess Dowager of *WALES*, with the younger branches of the Royal Family, "did

not walk in the grand procession, but made up a lesser procession of their own. They had a box to see the coronation in the Abbey, and afterwards dined in an apartment by themselves adjoining the Hall."—*Times*.

*French News.*—The news of *BUONAPARTE's* death reached the French capital on Friday July.

It was a matter of course that the censorship should inderdict all commentary on a fact which must still be of more or less importance to the party feelings of a large body of Frenchmen. But some of our readers will be more surprised to find that the Stock Exchange, which is not under official management, should betray as little sensibility to the event as any of the Journals, which announced it. The rise in the French funds did not exceed one half per cent. on the promulgation of the intelligence so interesting to the house of *BOURBON*. Two paragraphs respecting Spain are inserted in the French Opposition Journals—one, to the effect that the Court of Vienna has given orders for the departure of an Austrian Ambassador, in the person of Count *STAHEMBERG*, for Madrid; the other asserting that, in a late sitting of the Cortes, a motion was carried by an immense majority for presenting a demand to the King, that he would convoke an Extraordinary Cortes, and that *FERDINAND* had accordingly complied with their wish by signing an ordinance for the purpose, which was about to be proclaimed,

Last Friday's debate in the French Chamber, on the continuation of the censorship, was distinguished by a long and able speech from *M. GIRARDIN*, who detailed the misapplications and abuses of the censorial power, as exercised by ministers since its last establishment, in a way which ought (at least in an Englishman's judgment) to have made no slight impression on his audience. Among the most striking passages of *M. GIRARDIN's* discourse, was one wherein he avowed his opinion, that a ministry which confessed its inability to govern France without a censorship, was unworthy and incapable of directing the institutions of any free country whatever. The baseness of this Court-instrument was likewise visible in the calumnies which it permitted against the opponents of ministers, and the rigour with which it suppressed the replies of the calumniated parties; nor was the censorship less ridiculous for its inefficacy, than hateful for its injustice—since freedom of speech, and the privilege of having their sentiments reported, was allowed by law to the representatives of the people—so as not merely to ensure in another form, and through a more authoritative channel, whatever the ministers were most anxious to conceal, but to provide the means of exposing every where the arts made use of to effect that concealment, and the criminal objects which it was designed to answer.

*Accounts from Spain.*—The accounts from Spain continue satisfactory. Since November last upwards of 800 Convents have been demolished; and it is expected that in about three months the entire destruction of these favourite haunts of idleness and debauchery will be completed. The commercial regulations of the Cortes have produced much distress and irritation; and smuggling has increased to an alarming extent. We hope this will have the effect of inducing the Cortes to adopt a more liberal system. An address, praying the King to convoke an extraordinary session of the Cortes, was carried by a majority of 150 to 7. This requisition has, of course, been complied with. Numerous arrests have taken place at Seville. It is stated in letters from Madrid, that a courier has been seized carrying dispatches from *FERDINAND* to the anti-constitutional guerilla leader *MERINO*!

*Letter from Paris, July 14, 1821.*—More than a week has passed since it was known at Paris that Napoleon was no more. I have delayed writing till I could inform you of the effect of this important intelligence—I do not mean on the funds, for no human being in Paris thought of the connexion till they saw the idea in the English Journals; sentiments and calculations of a much higher order immediately occupied the spirits of Frenchmen of all classes. The rumour had been so oft repeated, that on its first circulation, it was met by the smile of pleasantry and unbelief; but, when the same telegraph which had so frequently apprized his astonished capital of the rapid progress of his camp, and the splendid triumph of his arms, commenced its mystic movements—when official lips proclaimed the fact, and it was announced to the ruling Sovereign, unbelief gave place to stupid consternation and despair. I first heard the truth from a Deputy of the *extrême gauche*, who was warmly opposed to Napoleon, but who had, nevertheless, proposed with others that his person should be placed under the protection of the honor of the French people, "He had fine conceptions," said he, "and did many great things; but surrounded by *émigrés* and the same *miserables* who are flattering and losing Louis, it is no wonder that he was below, in virtue, his station in talent, and that he committed great faults. His death may be yet serviceable to the cause of liberty."

Louis had that very day removed to St. Cloud for the season; the illuminations were glittering in the approaches to the palace, and were reflected by the silent and gliding waters of the Seine, when Pasquier arrived. It was amidst all the affected gaiety of the *Advent*—amidst the solemn shade of its majestic woods, and in the apartments still rich in the magnificent proofs of his genius and his taste, that the one servile Prefect of Police of Napoleon, now raised to the dignity of Minister of Foreign Affairs, announced to his master, who is a man of disease and corruption, the death of the mighty, active, healthy, Napoleon. What the effect was upon the Royal groupe, France is not informed; the next evening I saw Monsieur, his silly son, and Madame, simpering and chattering as usual, and coaxing some coarse looking Colonel of *gens d'armes*. Some say they are not surprised, that at least, certain individuals, and certain parties in certain Cabinets, know the history of the hereditary cancer. Others declared that the children of St. Louis are more horrified than ever; that they see in every old soldier an avenging foe, and that because the corpse of the father is at St. Helena, the residence of the son is a great deal too near for them.

As for the immense mass of the population, the impression on them is more profound and awful every day. I know a Gentleman who was in the *Halle au Cuir* when the news was mentioned; all business was immediately suspended, and the tradesmen all retired without making a single purchase. On the Saturday night the bust of Napoleon was promenaded on the Place de Louvre; the guard were called out, and the people fled. Several of my acquaintance heard the tumult. Sunday, multitudes put on black, and others went to salute the Column d'Austerlitz; in the evening there were great crowds on the Palais Royal in black. Multitudes will not yet believe that Bonaparte is dead, and even among the Garde Royal, this obstinate incredulity remains. The account of his interment has, however, compelled many to believe, and the effect is certainly terrible for the reigning house. I asked one of the Garde, whom I know, (he is related to one of my domestics,) what his comrades said? "They will not believe," said he. "Why?" "Because they dare not; they fear the effect on themselves." "Ah!" continued he, "I served him in Russia too, and if I could see him again, I would follow him to the end of the world—'tis too cruel to be dragged from his wife, his mother, his mother, his family, and his son, and to be carried to a hole by grenadiers, foreigners, and gaolers." The tears ran down his cheeks, and the drops hung on his mustachies—but not a muscle was distorted. Superficial foreign observers would be at a loss to know or imagine the state of public feeling, where a person who knows well the people, and the mode of getting at them, finds it most strongly pronounced. A look thrown upon an object—a sigh in a certain place—a shrug when an individual passes—a how to something of which a stranger

knows not the history—the manner of placing a ribband or tying a knot, or holding a cane—all are indications of a depth of sensation which must one day burst through all the mass of spies, *gens d'armes*, *agens provocateurs*, laws, plots, &c. &c.; and in a country where there is not the vestige of liberty for the press or public opinion, and where agents of the police are transformed into members of every class of society, from porters and shoe-blacks to Counts and Nobles—it is not easy to understand that a certain opinion prevails in the minds of 9-10ths of the people—but it is not less true.

An Officer of the ex-garde met one of his brother Officers and told him of the fact. The latter no sooner heard it than he went to the *Place du Chatelet*, and less magnanimous than his old master, blew out his brains.

The Government has excited not only the horror, but the indignation of the public, by sending out hundreds of wretches, to cry the details of Buonaparte's death, for a *sous*, in all the streets; and not only this, but afterwards the pretended Confessions of Napoleon before his death, in which he is made to describe himself as the greatest monster that ever lived. These papers are embellished with the crown and arms of the Bourbons. All this, when the Ministers of the Interior—of Foreign Affairs—of Police—of War—were all of them the servants of Bonaparte, and some of them the most servile and abject.

I send you a copy of the Confessions, and also—*Pensée d'un Soldat*—a bold and affecting appeal, just published, and which sells most astonishingly. There are also several pictures out, but all mystical; I send you one. There are, *Le Tombeau d'un Brave—Le Convoi—Adieu*. All these are eagerly bought, and without a name or a word, circulate and excite the most terrible emotions.

There is one party less in France; all the friends of the father rally round the Son—and the Republicans feel, that as there is no possibility of the Sire's return, they can mould the Government and Regency for the Lad. God knows to what all this may lead. Every body believes that his detention caused his death—if no violent means were employed. All wait for Bertrand's account, and rely on that. The Government in the mean time is doing all it can to lower itself. I send you as a proof M. Ellicagaray.

*General Scott.*—The late General Scott, so celebrated for his success in gaming, was one evening playing very deep with the Count D'Artois and the Duke DE CHARTRES, at Paris, when a petition was brought up from the widow of a French Officer, stating her various misfortunes, and praying relief; a plate was handed round, and each put in one, two, or three louis-d'ors; but when it was held to the General, who was going to throw for a stake of 500 louis-d'ors, he said, "Stop a moment if you please, Sir; here goes for the widow!" The throw was successful, and he instantly swept the whole into the plate, and sent it down to her.

*Steam Conveyances.*—The additional facilities of communication now afforded by steam-vessels, are of considerable moment to those who are following either business or pleasure. A voyage to Aberdeen, London, the west of Scotland, or Ireland, is now comparatively nothing. As an instance, we may mention, what we observe from the Glasgow newspapers, that on the 10th instant (Friday morning) the Britannia Steam boat sails from the Clyde, and, after touching at Greenock, Rothesay, and Campbeltown, crosses the Irish Channel to Giant's Causeway, where she is to be on Saturday morning. She then proceeds up Lochfoyle to Londonderry, and the passengers will have an opportunity of visiting the Ruins of Dunluce Castle. The packet is to be at Glasgow again on Tuesday. We have inserted this, not as an advertisement, but simply as a piece of news to our readers. It would be an accommodation to the citizens of Edinburgh, and an advantage, we are sure, to the Glasgow steam-packets, if their destination and days of sailing could be known regularly at some office in Edinburgh.—*Scotman*.



**Quarter's Revenue.**—The official account of the quarter's revenue appears in another part of our paper. The periodical *ex-parte* statements have too long lost their credit with the public, to justify our bestowing much notice upon them. The present return exhibits a falling off in the Excise, the Stamps, and the Post-office: the first denoting a diminished power in the population at large to indulge in the use of the necessaries of life; and the other two, less activity in the internal trade of the country, and less frequent interchange of property. Foreign commerce, of which the Customs may be assumed as the barometer, appears, though in a slight degree, to be reviving. An instance of disingenuousness is exposed by this return, which should not pass without observation. In order to convey the more decided impression of the prosperous state of the revenue, we are told for the first time that the quarter ending July, 1820, was increased more than 140,000*l.*, by payments which belonged in fact to the preceding quarter, and therefore that the quarter ending July, 1821, should have the benefit, on a fair comparison, of that sum. Yet in July, 1820, no notice was taken of this circumstance, and the public were left to conclude that all the amount stated as the produce of the quarter, actually belonged to it. How can we be certain, then, that a similar reserve is not made in the present instance, and the fact withheld to give a false colouring to the return for July, 1822.

**Consolidated Fund.**—The income and charge on the Consolidated Fund for the year ending the 5th July, has been published, and, we must say, forms an edifying subject of speculation. The PITT system has here been treated with as little reverence by the idolators of that right honourable gentleman's name and the legatees of his principles, as in the case of the Sinking Fund itself. The Consolidated Fund of Mr. PITT showed an annual and growing surplus; the synonymous fund of his disciples betrays a yearly falling off, and a growing debt: just as the Sinking Fund has been destroyed, the other fund marches apparently to no less complete destruction. The deficiency of the Consolidated Fund for the last quarter has been, upon the Minister's own statement, not far short of a million and a half; the previous deficiency was above eight millions and a half: so here is a total deficiency upon the Consolidated Fund of nearly ten millions, for which the Treasury has no resource but to make a quarterly loan from the Bank of England to pay the dividends to the public creditor.

**Demise of the Dublin Hibernian Journal.**—In consequence of the return lately made to parliament, agreeably to Mr. Bennet's motion, of the amount of stamp duties paid by the Dublin newspapers, the circulation of the above Journal appeared so extremely low, that government was ashamed to advertise in it any longer. The proprietors of that paper were therefore obliged to discontinue it, and on Wednesday last the HIBERNIAN JOURNAL yielded up the ghost. As this print was the organ of the Orange faction in Ireland, its demise, we think, may be taken as an indication of the speedy extinction of those illiberal sentiments which have done Ireland so much injury, and kept the empire so long agitated and disunited. The DUBLIN HERALD states that government has settled a pension of 300*l.* per annum on one of the proprietors of the late Journal, which, with the 700*l.* a year enjoyed by the other, makes the compensation to these gentlemen, for their political services, 1,000*l.* per annum out of the pockets of the people.

**Lord Byron.**—This morning, by W. Clark, 201, Strand, will be published, 1.—An hitherto suppressed poem by Lord Byron, entitled *Waltz*; an Apostrophic Hymn, elegantly printed in octavo, uniform with the last edition of his Lordship's works. Also some Fugitive Pieces of Lord Byron's, which have not appeared in his printed works, price 2*s.* 9*d.*—2. De Foe's True Born Englishman, price 6*d.*—3. An Answer to Queen Mab is preparing for the press.—4. Hours of Contentment, a Poem, by Hugh Clark, price 1*s.* 8*vo.*—5. Hume's Essays, on Suicide, Miracles, and the Immortality of the Soul, price 1*s.*—6. Killing no Murder, written by Colonel Titus, during the time of Oliver Cromwell, who, after the publication of this work, is reported to have never smiled, price 2*s.* 6*d.*, 4*to.*—*Times.*

**Northern Expedition.**—The following is an extract of a letter from an Officer on board his Majesty's ship *Fury*, dated off Resolution Island, 30th June 1821.

"We had a very excellent passage across the Atlantic, and made the ice, within sight of Resolution Island, on the 18th of June; since which we have been employed in receiving from the *NAUTILUS* the stores with which she was charged for us. By dint of stowage, and cramming every part of the ship as full as possible, we have managed to complete our stores to three years from this period; but by doing so, we have brought the vessels so deep in the water, that it would be scarcely possible for them to live in any sea.

Without the transport, we could not have brought stores for more than two years and a half, a circumstance which makes the benefit of this vessel more than ever manifest; and when we consider the advantage of ten weeks fresh beef, which we still have from the bullocks brought out in the *NAUTILUS*, we cannot be too thankful that this measure was determined upon. The ice at the entrance of Hudson's Straits appears to consist of small pieces loosely packed together, so that I do not apprehend we shall have any difficulty in forcing our way through it, immediately on the transport leaving us; and I confidently hope by the end of July to advance as far as the north eastern end of Southampton Island, where our exploring may be considered to commence.

We shall then have the whole of August and September remaining (which between the latitudes of 67 and 70, may be expected to be the two best months of the year), to get on to the coast of America, and round its north-eastern promontory; and if we succeed in doing this within that period, so as to winter on the north side of the continent, I shall then be very sanguine of the successful accomplishment of our enterprise. With the resources which we now command, we ought at all events to give a good account of the passage; and whether my next letter be dated from Kamschatka, or still from the eastern shores of America, I sincerely trust that the results of the voyage will be of a nature to give general satisfaction to the country, and set this interesting question at rest for ever."

**Madame Catalani.**—A rehearsal of the songs selected for Madame Catalani's Concert of this evening, took place on Saturday, (July 14), at the Argyll-rooms, in the presence of many of her personal friends—the distinguished members of the musical profession, and leaders of the *haut ton*. It is near 7 years, we believe, since this country, which should possess taste and patronage enough to appropriate to itself all that is pre-eminent in art, has been deprived of her talents; and it is among the few benefits arising out of the coronation that she has now visited it. On her first appearance in the Orchestra, which produced the warmest applause and congratulations from the company, she evidently laboured under strong emotion, and some time elapsed before her spirits were sufficiently collected to enable her to display her extraordinary talents to full advantage. It was then perceived, however, that she retained them in their original perfection. Her voice has perhaps lost something of its compass, but her power and her surprising execution still remain; and, combined with her majestic style, her varied expression, and sweetness of tone, decidedly confer on her the rank of the first singer in Europe. The power of the human voice over the passions, through the medium of musical sounds, cannot be truly appreciated without having heard Catalani sing.

**Ilchester Gaol.**—Bridle, the keeper of Ilchester Gaol, has been at length dismissed, by a bench of magistrates, "as being unworthy to hold that situation." And this is the person who had imposed on Mr. Buxton, and for whom such warm defences were made in *Parliament*, when his conduct was challenged by Henry Hunt and others. This shews the value of character, or alleged character, as against inquiry. Our readers will remember how Alderman Wood was ridiculed on this subject, and—how Mr. Hunt was arraigned. The result, however, has shewn that they were right.—*Star.*

## Russian Poets.

MIDNIGHT HYMN OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCHES, SUNG AT EASTER.

*Vakuiu mia esi oostavit.*

Why hast thou forsaken me?

Why, thou never setting light,  
 Is Thy brightness veiled from me?  
 Why does this unusual night  
 Cloud Thy blest benignity?  
 I am lost without Thy ray,  
 Guide my wandering footsteps, Lord!  
 Light my dark and erring way  
 To the noon-tide of Thy word!

## CHILDREN'S OFFERING ON A PARENT'S BIRTH-DAY.

Not the first tribute of our lyre,  
 Not the first fruits of infant spring,  
 But flames from love's long kindled fire,  
 And oft-repeated prayers we bring  
 To crown thy natal day.

'Tis not to-day that first we tell  
 (When was affection's spirit mute?)  
 How long our hearts have loved—how well—  
 Nor tune our soft and votive flute,  
 Nor light the altar's ray.

That altar is our household shrine—  
 Its flame—the bosom's kindly heat;  
 Its offering, sympathy divine;  
 Its incense, as the May-dew sweet!  
 Accept thy children's lay.

*Marlborough-Street.*—Yesterday (August 9); a well-dressed female, apparently between 20 and 30 years of age, came to the office, and begged to be introduced to the Magistrate. She said she was an agent appointed by Divine Providence to instruct the ignorant and persecutors of mankind upon earth. She carried a bundle of religious books, amongst which were the Old and New Testament.

She approached the Bench in a respectful manner, and began to read some passages from the Bible. The Magistrate asked what was the purport of her business? She begged him to listen to what she was reading, and she would then explain. She, not waiting his answer, proceeded to state, that it was against the law of God to take an oath.—This she wished to impress upon his mind, as she was informed that many oaths were daily taken at Police Offices, and she was bound to enforce the law of God, as well as he the law of man. She was asked if she had any friends, or where she lived, in what way she obtained her living, &c.? She replied, she had a mother and sister living in one room in Mary-le-bone; but she considered herself superior to them because she fulfilled the Scripture. The Magistrate then told her he was not prepared to enter into any controversy till she brought forward her mother and sister. With this answer she seemed satisfied, and left the Office, promising to come again on a future day.

A few minutes afterwards, an elderly lady entered the Office, and told the Magistrate with great earnestness, that she prayed day and night to God to protect her from evil spirits, but after all a vision appeared to her, perhaps by the will of God, to warn her that she was to be murdered on a certain night unless she guarded against her enemies. The Magistrate perceiving her state of mind, told her he would take care to protect her, and would send officers about the house every night to protect her. After she left the Office he expressed his surprise at so many mad people being at large, and directed the officers if any more came not to admit them.—*Courier.*

## The Last Quarter's Revenue.

(From the London Courier.)

The following is the official account of the Revenue for the quarter ended 5th July 1821. Upon comparing it with the corresponding quarter last year, there is an apparent deficiency of about £407,000; but it will be seen, that two sums, amounting to above £214,000, are to be deducted from it, leaving the real deficiency not quite £194,000.

	5th July, 1820.	5th July, 1821.	Increase.	Decrease
Customs .....	1,882,846	1,898,699	15,853	—
Excise .....	6,620,609	6,298,810	—	321,799
Stamps .....	1,581,145	1,518,493	—	62,652
Post-Office .....	352,000	318,000	—	34,000
Assessed Taxes ....	2,343,380	2,328,040	—	15,340
Land Taxes .....	440,744	445,366	4,622	—
Miscellaneous .....	59,249	64,972	5,723	—
	13,260,273	12,872,380	26,108	434,001
		Deduct Increase ..		26,198
		Decrease on the quarter		£407,893

Deduct March Stock in hand, paid in the July Quarter, 1820 .....

Deduct also a payment to the Treasurer of the Navy, for the expense of the revenue cruisers under the orders of the Admiralty, incurred in the year 1819 .....

*Advantages which France has derived from her Revolution.*—We have received the Paris papers of Wednesday and Thursday last; those of Madrid, to the 2d instant, inclusive; and the mail in due course from Hamburg. The French Chamber of Deputies proceeded with the budget; the various branches of which have already given rise to many animated and striking observations. In the debate of Tuesday, M. TERNAUX took occasion to advert to the advantages which France had derived from her revolution. These might be comprehended, it is true, under the single head of "a representative government;" but the following brief detail may serve to exhibit the more particular views of well-informed Frenchmen upon the same subject:—

1. The abolition of corporations, of wardenships, and exclusive privileges, and the consequent opening of the field of speculative enterprise to all men endowed with knowledge and talent. This was accompanied by a complete removal of that barbarous prejudice which used to influence a manufacturer or merchant to abandon his useful business that he might get himself ennobled.

2. Twenty-six religious festivals which had burdened the calendar were abolished also; and here M. TERNAUX, by a curious calculation, added that the produce of industry thus restored to the State was no less than 14 millions of francs per day, or 364 millions per annum.

3. The introduction and rapid increase of machinery into France, and consequent accumulation of commercial capital.

4. The sale of the confiscated lands, and subdivision of property thence arising, by which the same surface yielded a more valuable produce, from the deeper interest felt by the occupiers in its active and successful cultivation.

5. The suppression of monasteries, by which 450,000 vigorous hands were added to the sum of labour.

6. The equalization of taxes, which enables the country to pay the enormous revenue of 887 millions of francs (above 36,000,000*l.*)

*Monument to Cooke.*—Mr. Kean sailed from New York, on the 8th of May, in the MARTHA, Sketchley, for Liverpool. Before leaving New York, he caused a monument to be erected in St. Paul's Church, in that city, to the memory of his great predecessor, Cooke, who died in America.—*Morning Chronicle.*



# MISCELLANEOUS.

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## Sketch of Napoleon Bonaparte.

From the Scotsman.

Fare thee well, great heart!  
Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk!  
When that this body did contain a spirit,  
An empire for it was too small a bound;  
But now, two paces of the vilest earth  
Is room enough.

SHAKESPEARE.

Coelum licet omne soluta  
In caput hoc compage ruat, terræque debiscant,  
Non illo Cannas abolēbis, Jupiter, ævo;  
Decedesque prius regnis, quam nomina gentes  
Aut facta Hannibalis sileant.

SILIUS ITALICUS.

Edinburgh, July 14, 1821.

The death of a man who has performed so distinguished a part on the great theatre of human events—who, to the victories and power of CÆSAR has joined the defeat and humiliation of POMPEY, cannot fail to excite a deep and lively emotion. This, however, is not the period when a character of NAPOLEON can be written. The present generation have felt too intense an interest in the events of his extraordinary career—he has given too much cause of regret to some, and of congratulation to others, to enable them to judge him with any degree of impartiality. The panegyrics of his admirers and the censures of his enemies are to be equally distrusted; and it is only after the events of his life shall have been exactly ascertained, and the passions and prejudices of his contemporaries shall have ceased to warp and bias the judgment of their posterity, that justice can be done to his memory.

But whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the purposes to which they were applied, none can call in question the genius and talents of NAPOLEON. Much of his success has been ascribed, and with justice, to the peculiar circumstances of that extraordinary crisis in which it was his fortune to be placed. This, however, does not detract from his merits. It was an advantage which NAPOLEON enjoyed in common with millions of keen and ardent competitors; but he only knew how to turn it to account, and to render it the means of raising him to the highest pinnacle of power and of glory. So rapid was his progress that the most eminent of the French Generals acknowledged the wisdom of the choice made by the Directory, when, in 1796, they appointed NAPOLEON, then only 26 years of age, to the chief command of the army of Italy; and the result of that campaign—the splendid victories achieved with very inferior forces, and the wisdom displayed in the organization of the Cisalpine Republic, surpassed every previous anticipation, and shewed him to be equally great as a General and a Statesman. From this period his elevation was no longer extraordinary. The Egyptian expedition did not originate with him, and it did not detract from his glory. He left the army in a flourishing condition; and on his re-appearance in France was universally regarded as the only individual who could restore the internal tranquillity of the country, give vigour and authority to the government, and inspire the soldiers who had been dispirited by disaster and defeat, with confidence and courage. The course of events paved the way for his exaltation to the Consulate. His power then became unlimited; and changed its name, not its nature, when, in 1804, he was made Emperor.

The military history of his reign is fresh in the recollection of our readers. But NAPOLEON was not exclusively a soldier,—he was not exclusively occupied with the setting up and pulling down of Kings: He was a Legislator as well as a Conqueror. The commencement of his reign terminated the horrors of the revolution. Persecution, whether it proceeded from political or religious fanaticism, was instantly repressed. Order took the place of disorder. A new concordat was made with the Church of Rome. The list of emigrants was closed; and a judicious mixture of mildness and severity restored tranquillity to La Vendée and the Western Departments. His noblest work, the Code Napoleon, remedied the confusion and the contradiction of the existing laws, and introduced in their stead a rational and well-digested system of jurisprudence. In all but political cases, justice was fairly and impartially administered. Preferment was equally open to all classes of his subjects. Neither birth, nor religion, nor party made any distinction. It was merit only, or a devotion to the interests of the Emperor, that could elevate any individual. Magnificent edifices, fitted equally for purposes of ornament and utility, were erected in every corner of the empire. Agriculture was protected and encouraged; and every effort was made to open new channels for commerce.

But these advantages were far more than counterbalanced. The government of NAPOLEON was essentially despotic. The conscription

and the contribution *foncière* placed the blood and the property of his subjects at his disposal. Arbitrary mandates interfered with the regular execution of the laws. The freedom of the press was destroyed. The mode of choosing juries—an institution which France owes to the revolution—was perverted. All that power which is in England divided between the Sheriffs, Justices of the Peace, and country gentlemen, was in France centered in the Prefect, an officer appointed by the Emperor, and accountable only to him. The members of his legislature met not to discuss, but to vote the propositions submitted by the imperial orators. And every institution which could set limits to the power of the Emperor, or control his purposes, was either suppressed or rendered useless.

The ambition NAPOLEON proved his ruin. It lost him the affection and support of the revolutionary party, and it did not attach the friends of the *ancien régime* to his interests. The former considered him as an apostate from the cause of liberty, and the latter as an upstart, whose rise was inconsistent with their notions of hereditary power and divine right. His most splendid victories, far from concealing this fundamental defect in his policy, only rendered it the more glaring and obvious. The elevation of his brothers and of his relations to the thrones of the kingdoms which his arms had conquered, and his own unfortunate alliance with a daughter of Austria, unmasked his real character. His views were now seen to be exclusively selfish and personal; and instead of wishing to give liberty to Europe, he was found to be actuated only by the paltry desire of becoming the founder of a new dynasty—of displacing the BOURBONS to make room for the BONAPARTES! This was not an object for which mankind could bear to be harassed and desolated by incessant hostilities; and no sooner had his veteran army perished among the snows of Russia, than those who had been the first to make common cause with the armies of Republican France, rose en masse to emancipate themselves from the yoke of a military tyrant. The inordinate vanity of the French people, and their passion for warlike pomp and renown, disposed them cheerfully to submit to the most unparalleled sacrifices. But even in France the popularity of NAPOLEON declined. The people gradually became less sensible of the benefits he had conferred on them. The restless activity and the boundless ambition of their chief, involved them in an endless series of new contests. The blood and the treasure of the nation were wasted in quarrels with which she had no concern. The courage and confidence of the regular troops, and their attachment to the Emperor, were proof against every reverse; but the spirit which in the earlier period of the revolution had filled the ranks with recruits, and made every Frenchman a soldier and a patriot, was so entirely subdued, that, when the allied troops entered France in 1813 and 1815, the people took no part in the contest!

Had NAPOLEON been aware of the real sentiments entertained respecting him by the French people, he might have breathed his last in the Palace of the Tuilleries. But by destroying the freedom of the press, he had deprived himself of every means of acquiring that information which was of all others most essential for him to be possessed of. He was totally ignorant of the real feelings of the public. His courtiers, like himself, were intent only on personal aggrandisement; and with some rare exceptions, never addressed him except to flatter his prejudices, and to express their blind acquiescence in all the measures which his caprice or passion suggested. After the battle of Leipzig he might have made peace with the allies on terms which would still have left him the most powerful monarch in the world. But he believed that the French of 1813 were actuated by the same spirit as the French of 1793,—that they would flock to his standard, and that his eagles would again be borne in triumph from Cadix to Moscow. It is known how completely he was deceived. The French were dispirited and passive; and NAPOLEON found, when it was too late, that he “had sinned against the spirit of the age,”—that his arbitrary conduct had extinguished that enthusiasm which could alone have turned the tide of war in his favour.

The weakness and prejudices of the BOURBONS, the reaction which commenced immediately after their restoration, and the violent and arbitrary proceeding of the Ultras, facilitated the return of NAPOLEON from Elba, and enabled the soldiery to raise their Captain to the throne which he had abdicated about twelve months before. But NAPOLEON was still the slave of personal ambition. He refused to adopt those measures which, by reviving the dormant energies of the nation, could alone have sustained him on the throne. He was distrusted by the people; and he added force to every suspicion, by the publishing the *acte additionnel*, in opposition to the advice of his Ministers, without submitting it to any previous discussion. The army did all that heroism and devotion could do; but they were defeated, and NAPOLEON was forced to throw himself on the generosity of the English, who sent their illustrious captive to perish on a rock in the middle of the Atlantic ocean!

Exitus ergo quis est? O gloria! vincitur idem  
Nempe, et in exilium praeceps fugit, atque ibi Magnus  
Mirandusque cliens sedet ad praetoria Regis.  
Finem animae, quae res humanas miscuit olim,  
Non gladii, non saxa dabunt, nec tela, sed ille  
Cannarum vindex, et tanti sanguinis ultor,  
Cancer!

Of the personal character of NAPOLEON we have but little to say. Ambition was his God, and to this he sacrificed every thing. In a letter addressed by him to his nephew the young Duke of BERG, and published by his orders in the *Moniteur*, he says, in so many words, "*N'oubliez jamais que vos premiers devoirs sont envers Moi. — vos seconds envers la France — ceux envers les peuples que je pourrais vous confier ne viennent qu'après.*" This was the language of honest and avowed despotism. NAPOLEON did not, like the drivellers by whom he has been succeeded, insult the common sense of mankind, by claiming a legitimate or divine right to trample them under foot. His title was less exceptionable. It was founded on his great actions, and was supported by the zeal and attachment of 500,000 well-disciplined troops. He was better qualified to bear adversity with firmness, than to bear prosperity with temper and moderation. Though passionate, he was neither cruel nor vindictive. *Il offensoit beaucoup plus qu'il ne punissoit*, was the observation of one who had felt the weight of his resentment. He did not rashly expose himself to dangers, but his personal courage was notwithstanding unquestionable. No man ever obtained so great an ascendancy over those who approached him. He had a profound knowledge of the character and peculiar talents of his generals and ministers; and placed every one in the precise situation he was best fitted to fill. His enterprises, from his appointment to the command of the army of Italy, were vast and gigantic. But his means were well adapted to accomplish his ends. His prudence was long equal to his daring: And it was only in the latter part of his reign that success and adulation corrupted the natural soundness of his understanding, and led him to suppose that there was nothing too difficult for him to achieve.

MADAME DE STAEL, whose vanity NAPOLEON would never stoop to flatter, has given a very unfavourable view of his haughtiness and reserve in private society. But the panegyric of MULLER, the Tacitus of Switzerland, would of itself be sufficient to neutralise her ladyship's remarks. This venerable historian, when giving an account of an audience to which he had been admitted by the Emperor, says, "Quite impartially and truly, as before God, I must say, that the variety of his knowledge, the acuteness of his observations, the solidity of his understanding (not dazzling wit), his grand and comprehensive views, filled me with astonishment, and his manner of speaking to me, with love for him. A couple of Marshals, and also the Duke of BENEVENTO, had entered in the mean time; he did not break off. After five quarters, or an hour and a half, he allowed the concert to begin; and I know not, whether accidentally or from goodness, he desired pieces, which, one of them especially, had reference to pastoral life and the Swiss (*Rans des Vaches*). After this, he bowed in a friendly manner and left the room. Since the audience with FREDERICK (1782), I never had a conversation on such a variety of subjects, at least with any Prince: if I can judge correctly from recollection, I must give the Emperor the preference in point of solidity and comprehension; FREDERICK was somewhat Voltairian. Besides, there is in his tone much firmness and vigour, but in his mouth something as attractive and fascinating as in FREDERICK. It was one of the most remarkable days of my life. By his genius and his disinterested goodness he has also conquered me."

Whether on the whole the career of NAPOLEON has been productive of more good or evil, is a question which cannot be easily solved. It would require a careful review of the history and politics of the last twenty-five years; and it would require us to know the events that are to happen in the next twenty-five. But without attempting to decide on this great question, we may observe, in the words of an able writer, that if NAPOLEON was a tyrant, he was not, nor could he ever become, "a tyrant by divine right." Tyranny in him was not sacred: it was not eternal: it was not instinctively bound in league of amity with other tyrannies: it was not sanctioned by a system of priestcraft and of conventional morality. "The military ambition of NAPOLEON, destructive as it was, was not really so pernicious as that lust of power which can be gratified only by intrigue and corruption. The waste of life which this baser passion occasions, though more disguised, is not less—the moral waste infinitely greater. It carries its purposes by fraud and hypocrisy. It bribes and defeats the laws, prostitutes religion, and infuses fear and suspicion into the bosom of every one who is not leagued with itself, in an odious conspiracy against all that is manly and honourable."

The most prominent events in his life may be shortly summed up. He was born at Ajaccio, the capital of Corsica, August 15, 1769; and was consequently 52 years of age, wanting three months, when he died. He was the eldest son of a lawyer of Italian descent, and his family had pretensions to ancestry of high birth and station in Italy. He was educated in the royal military school, first attracted notice when

as an Officer of Engineers he assisted in the bombardment of Tonlon in 1793; next signalled himself by repressing an infuriated mob of Parisians in 1795, which caused his promotion to the command of the Army of Italy; was made First Consul in 1799; elected Emperor in 1804; "exchanged" the sceptre of France and Italy for that of Elba (so it was expressed in the treaty of Fontainebleau) on the 11th April 1814; landed at Cannes in Provence, on the 1st of March 1815; fought the battle of Waterloo on the 18th of June in the same year; abdicated in favour of his son; was landed at St Helena on the 18th of October 1815; and died on the 5th of May 1821,—having endured captivity, under the most unfavourable circumstances, and with a constitutional disease, more than six years and a half.

## Death of the Queen.

(Observations on this Event, from the Madras Gazette.)

Madras, January 12, 1822.

In our columns of this day will be found further particulars of the death of Her Majesty QUEEN CAROLINE.—It has been very often remarked, and the assertion is but too well founded on fact, that the soul trembling between time and eternity has been induced for its own relief, to make confessions on points that have been the subjects of public animadversion or private disquietude—we would call the attention of the most rancorous of her Majesty's Enemies, to the contemplation of her last moments—of that period when she was prepared to enter upon the confines of "that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns." No troubled thought, no restless apprehension marked her passage to the Tomb. The Royal Sufferer seemed to hail her approaching dissolution with feelings of calm and delightful resignation—as a release from a world of trouble and anxiety; as a transition to a long, happy, and irrevocable home—her dignified composure in making some necessary arrangements, after she had been apprized of her danger, surely displays a mind of no ordinary stamp. We trust that some eminent literary character will devote his time and talents to "report her, and her cause ARIGHT to the unsatisfied"—and until an enquiry into facts and an elucidation of circumstances that are at present veiled in mystery and error shall have taken place, let us hope that the generosity of Britons will consent that "all her wrongs be buried in her grave."

"The Grave" says a modern Author, "is the ordeal of true affection. It is there that the divine passion of the soul manifests its superiority to the instinctive impulse of mere animal attachment. The latter must be continually refreshed and kept alive by the presence of its object; but the love that is seated in the soul can live on long remembrance. The mere inclinations of sense languish and decline with the charms which excited them, and turn with shuddering disgust from the dismal precincts of the tomb; but it is thence that truly spiritual affection rises, purified from every sensual desire, and returns like a holy flame to illumine and sanctify the heart of the survivor."

The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal—every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open—this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved; when he feels his heart, as it were, crashed in the closing of its portal, would accept of consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness?—No, the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection; when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved, is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness—who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gaiety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom; yet who would exchange it, even for the song of pleasure, or the burst of revelry? No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living. Oh the grave!—the grave!—IT Buries EVERY ERROR covers EVERY DEFECT—EXTINGUISHES EVERY RESENTMENT. FROM ITS PEACEFUL BOSOM SPRING NONE BUT FOND REGRETS AND TENDER RECOLLECTIONS. WHO CAN LOOK DOWN UPON THE GRAVE EVEN OF AN ENEMY, AND NOT FEEL A COMPUNCTIOUS THROB, THAT HE SHOULD EVER HAVE WARRED WITH THE POOR HANDFUL OF EARTH THAT LIES MOULDERING BEFORE HIM!

\* Mr. Irvin, the American Author of the Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon.



If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent—if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth—if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee—if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet;—then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul—then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear; more deep, more better, because unheard and unavailing.

Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender, yet futile tributes of regret; BUT TAKE WARNING BY THE BITTERNESS OF THIS THY CONTRITE AFFLICTION OVER THE DEAD, AND HENCEFORTH BE MORE FAITHFUL AND AFFECTIONATE IN THE DISCHARGE OF THE DUTIES TO THE LIVING.

## Death of the Queen.

(Observations on this Event, from the Madras Courier.)

Madras, January 15, 1822.

We regret that it is out of our power to add any thing material to the important details of news contained in our Supplement of Friday, but we are happily enabled to give many particulars of the conduct of our lamented QUEEN in her last illness, which cannot fail to excite a lively interest. The English Papers from which we have drawn these and our former extracts relating to this melancholy and unexpected event are so full upon the subject, and express the feelings which it is calculated to produce with so much propriety, eloquence, and truth, that there is no occasion for us to enlarge upon it or to go further than to say that we cordially agree in every expression of lamentation that has been written on the occasion by our contemporaries of the English Press. We will only add that the conduct of the dying QUEEN in her last moments, in the hour of acute pain and suffering, must have the effect of raising her still higher in the estimation of her friends, and of counteracting and defeating all the speculations of her enemies. A woman covered with half the guilt and infamy that was attempted to be fixed upon this illustrious female could never have died as she did; and if after the late anomalous trial there were some who thought further proofs wanting of her innocence, it is consoling to reflect that they were afforded by the manner of her death. Her last moments were truly noble and dignified, and the delightful calmness and resignation with which the Royal sufferer viewed the approaching termination of her sufferings, would have done honor to the most pious of mankind, and clearly established the purity and innocence of her soul. Posterity will do her justice.

Before we dismiss this subject we will quote the language of a contemporary in remarking upon this awful event:—"Since our last publication," says he, "another inroad has been made by the hand of death upon the Royal Family—and the QUEEN OF ENGLAND has closed her mortal career. Earthly crowns are no longer the objects of her ambition; she aspires to a nobler prize; and that Almighty power who despises not the sighing of the broken hearted, has, we hope and trust, terminated all her sufferings by conferring upon her an immortal sceptre." At the tribunal before which she has now to appear, no human prejudices no vindictive passions, no sordid expectations, will contaminate the stream of justice, to prevent it from being mixed with that mercy, without which the purest and the best of us would be overwhelmed by the weight of her infirmities. These considerations should teach us to judge with candour, and to put upon the conduct of others, that favourable construction which our own so frequently require. The death of the QUEEN has been sudden and impressive. The short interval of a few days saw her in perfect bodily health and numbered her with the dead. We say bodily health, for it is now quite clear that her mental health, though apparently buoyant, was subject to great depression, and that a sense of her multiplied wrongs had rendered her life a burthen, and induced her to wish for its close. How far the maladies of the mind induced or aggravated her last sickness we are unable to decide, but we think it highly probable that if she had been treated as her illustrious birth and elevated alliances entitled her to expect, she would at the present moment have been in the enjoyment of health and happiness. It wrings the heart to think on the accumulated sufferings of this devoted lady. Her wrongs and her misfortunes will live in the memory of the present generation, and in after ages, when time shall have obliterated the prejudices of the present day, the moralist and the historian will find in the life and the death of QUEEN CAROLINE OF ENGLAND abundant matter to awaken the public sympathies, and to illustrate the truth, that to wrong and to hate, are convertible terms,

and that innocence itself is not always a sufficient protection against the strong arm of power. The generosity and love of justice of the English nation are proverbial, and yet in every stage of the connexion of this magnanimous woman with that nation, she has been treated by those in her own rank with indignity and cruelty. Her wrongs began the first day she left the land of her fathers and landed upon the British shores; and they did not cease till the day of her death. In her last illness, when the mind stands peculiarly in need of solace and consolation, a sense of those wrongs oppressed her heroic spirit, and barbed the arrow of the mortal messenger. Her gallant father and her no less heroic brother had both met their death upon the field of glory; her venerable mother, with her royal father-in-law, had sunk into the grave; she had outlived all her own kindred, and not a single member of the royal house with which she was so closely allied was present during any part of her illness to present the cup of consolation to her lips. Her prospects in life were all blighted, and even the name of QUEEN was to her a tantalizing dignity. In such a situation the grave was her only refuge, and she cheerfully surrendered her spirit into the hands that gave it. Her character may be easily sketched; she was open, frank, and generous; without guile in her own character, and without suspicion of it in the conduct of others. Her manners were free—too free, perhaps, for an English matron, but it was the innocent freedom of a never ceasing flow of spirits, and of a generous unsuspecting heart. Her mind was above the common order; rich in its own stores, and continually aspiring after an accession of knowledge. Her magnanimity was almost unexampled. Descended from a race of heroes, she was herself a heroine. No peril intimidated her, no frowns could subdue her. When other women would have compromised their honour for their ease, and submitted to slander rather than have faced their powerful accusers, she looked them steadily in the face, and in presenting herself before the tribunal which she so recently met, she displayed more true courage than is necessary in marching up to the cannon's mouth. She never did, but always suffered wrong. No living creature could say that she was their persecutor. She was never the oppressor, but always the oppressed. This illustrious Princess would have been the fit mother of a race of Sovereigns; but her only daughter met a premature death, by which event, all the mother's earthly hopes were blasted, and she was left exposed to the full fury of her enemies. Had it been the lot of such a woman to possess the patronage and power of royalty, her character would have been extolled to the skies. Courtiers and sycophants would have dwelt upon her virtues, her talents, her heroism and her princely magnanimity, with rapture, and not without reason. QUEEN ELIZABETH herself would have been her inferior, and the slanderous breath of imputation would never have escaped their lips. But when the surest way to honour was to oppress and to vilify this noble-minded woman; when the public press was enlisted into the degrading service; when venal scribblers of an ordinary cast could not go far enough to satisfy the rancorous hostility of her enemies, and when a public paper in the metropolis was set on foot by men in power to slander her MAJESTY, and to deter every virtuous woman from entering her dwelling from the fear of imputations at which their minds revolted; then those persons, who, in the sunshine of prosperity, would have been loudest and most fulsome in her praises, became her bitterest calumniators, and joined in the cry against her honour and her peace. What must be their feelings now, when they have destroyed their victim, we shall not pretend to say; it is sufficient for us to know that those who have supported, in ever so humble a manner, the cause of this much injured Princess against her persecutors and slanderers, enjoy a consolation which Kings and Princes can neither give nor take away. Their feelings we know how to estimate; they glow within our own bosom, and we would not exchange them for the highest honour conferred at the coronation. The last illness of the QUEEN, for the particulars of which we must refer to another part of our paper, displays many noble traits of character; but there is one which we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure to repeat in this place, because it is so characteristic of her MAJESTY, and so strongly indicative of that high consciousness of innocence which has distinguished every part of her conduct. As the prospect of another world approached; one of her professional advisers recommended that a messenger should be sent to Italy to seal up her papers, to prevent them falling into the hands of her enemies—"And what if they do?" exclaimed her MAJESTY, "I have no papers that they may not see; they can find nothing, because there is nothing, nor ever has been to impeach my character." This solemn declaration, made in the view of death, we firmly believe, and posterity, we are convinced, will be of the same opinion.

### EUROPE BIRTHS.

On the 20th of July, at No. 46, Heriot Row, Edinburgh, the Lady of Michael Riddell, Esq. of Grange, Major in the Madras Cavalry, of a Son.

On the 25th of July, Alice, the wife of James Garstang, of Blackburn, weaver, was delivered of one girl and three boys. The children died in the course of the day, and the mother continued in a weak state.

**Remains of Buonaparte.**

The following is a translation of the Petition presented to the Chamber of Deputies, praying that the remains of Buonaparte might be removed to France:—

*To Messieurs the Members of the Chamber of Deputies.*

Messieurs,—Napoleon is no more! we claim his remains. The honour of France requires this restitution; and what the honour of France requires will be accomplished. She cannot endure that he who was her Chief—that he whom she saluted with the designation of Great, and the title of Emperor, should remain as a trophy in the hands of foreigners; and that every Englishman may say, on showing an insolvent monument, 'Here is the Emperor of the French.'

We have the honour to be, with the most profound respect,

Messieurs,—your very humble and very obedient Servants,

The Baron GOURGAUD, ex-Aide-de-Camp of Napoleon.—The Colonel FABVIER.—The Count ARMAD DE BRIQUEVILLE.—FRANÇOIS CASSIN (de Nantes).—HENRY HARTMAN, Manufacturer.—Paris, July 14, 1821.

**Second Arctic Expedition.**

*Arctic Expedition.*—The NAUTILUS transport, which accompanied the discovery ships as a store ship, left the FURY and HECLA off Resolute Island, on the 1st of July, all well, and the crews in the highest spirits. Having received on board all the spare stores, provision, &c. with which the NAUTILUS was loaded, the FURY and HECLA were about to proceed to Southampton Island in the prosecution of their voyage of discovery. Resolute Island, where they stopped to take out the cargo of the NAUTILUS is in the entrance of Hudson's Strait, through which the ships were proceeding in prosecution of their intended voyage. The following is an extract of a letter brought by the NAUTILUS, which contains an accurate detail, up to the time that vessel left the discovery ships of the progress of the expedition, and probably the last notice that can be received of it for a long period:—

"His Majesty's ship *Fury*, Hudson's Straits, North Coast of America, June 26, 1821.

"We had a very fine passage to this part of the world, and therefore I am able to tell you but little news. We reached the ice about a week ago, since which time we have made two attempts to take the heavy stores out of the NAUTILUS transport, which accompanied us, but, from the wind blowing upon the ice, we were obliged to stand off, as the transport had not been strengthened so as to resist the ice; we are now, however, making a third attempt, and we hope to get rid of her in about a couple of days or so. We made a pretty long stay at the Orkneys (about a fortnight,) during which time we amused ourselves by shooting grouse, plover, &c. or any thing that came in the way, for we were not very nice about the shooting season. We have got a famous supply of live and fresh provisions on board, that will last us till Christmas. There is a good deal of ice about us but not enough to obstruct our passage forwards, if it was not for the transport; but, however, we hope to get her off in about a day or two, if it is fine weather. We made an island about a week ago, called Resolute Island, where we expected to see some Indians; but there was so much ice between the ships and the land that we were disappointed. I can hardly give you an idea of our intended route without a chart, for two reasons—first, because those in common use are so inaccurate as to be of little use, and because our future course will in a great measure depend upon the state of the ice; but, however, if you should ever fall in with a good chart, I will tell you our most probable course. From the Orkneys we first made Cape Farewell, the southern extremity of Greenland, in lat. 69 deg. north; from thence to Hudson's Straits, between Cape Chidley and Resolute Island, which is about due west of Cape Farewell, and here we are at present; and from hence we intend to steer about north-west (if the wind and ice will permit) to try to get northwards through some of the inlets on the north side of Hudson's Bay; from thence northwards to the sea, as seen by Herne, near Coppermine river, where we shall probably winter; from thence to the sea, as seen by M'Kenzie; and from this place to Bering's Straits, round Cape Horn to England. We are all of us preparing our rifles for shooting deer, which we most probably shall see upon the next land we fall in with, as the island here about with them. We are, however, exceedingly well off in the eating way; plenty of fresh beef, mutton, pork, poultry, eggs, fish, &c. on board, beside 14 or 15 sheep, 22 bullocks, and as many pigs on board the transport; we have besides preserved potted fresh meats of all kinds, so that salt provisions we scarcely need taste all the time we are out, unless we choose. All the officers are very agreeable, and Capt. Parry I like very much indeed; and I have no doubt but that we shall spend the winter very comfortably together."

**Selections.****SONNET.**

*Written last March, on its appearing in evidence that Her Majesty visited one of her Servants, supposed to have the Plague.*

QUEEN of our best affections! Is it so?  
Flower of a warlike race, of high renown,  
Nursed in the purple, destined for a crown,  
How deep thy sympathy with human woe,  
Thou to the tortured sufferer didst go,  
With Christian courage brave contagion's frown,  
And smooth the couch of pain, with softest down,  
Where the hot breath of plague was felt to glow.

Hail, CAROLINE of Brunswick! Royal Dame,  
Thron'd in thy bosom, love and pity dwell,  
Those cheeks should wear the deepest dye of shame,  
Who, hearing this, can still with rancour swell,  
Perversely seeking to impute a crime,  
To her, who soars where they can never climb.

**ADDRESS TO CHIVALRY.**

Spirit of ancient days, awake,  
Soul of our fathers, rise!  
The dormant powers of Britain shake,  
Open fair Honour's eyes.

Like a bright flame, in the dark age  
Of rude and barb'rous times,  
Thy lustre brightens History's page,  
And cheers the darkest climes.

The generous aim, the ardour strong,  
The brave resolve is thine,  
To check the proud Oppressor's wrong,  
When Fraud and Force combine.

But chiefly, the *confiding* Fair,  
Thy noble impulse claim:  
Virtue distress'd, be still thy care,  
Hold sacred its good name.

Enthusiasm! lend thine aid  
When honour is at stake;  
When lovely Woman wrongs invade  
Soul of our Sires, awake!

**THE DYING SOLDIER.**

Bravely done—and like a Briton!  
Wounded—still he'll charge again:  
Oh! that spear his fate has written—  
See! he sinks on heaps of slain!

The trumpet sounds—the fight grows bolder—  
See! they close around the dead:—  
Heaven shield thee! gallant soldier!  
Quickly be thy spirit sped!

Pale, ghastly Death stalks grimly round thee—  
Friends and foes promiscuous fall:—  
Midst the thousands that surround thee,  
None attends thy dying call!

Now the conflict wider spreads—  
Frenchmen fly, and we pursue:—  
Comrade!—'tis a friend that treads—  
'Tis his hand dispels the dew.

Sink not, brother! Lo! where beaming,  
Charged with life, the limpid wave:  
Drink—but see! our banners streaming—  
Victory attends the brave!

"Victory! and have we conquer'd?  
"Happy hour! now let me die!  
"Yet, once again, ere tis debar'd,  
"For England! and for victory!"

Down dropp'd his arm, his cheek grew pale;  
Dim glory fix'd his eye:—  
His soul exulting on the gale,  
Prolong'd the victory.



# ASIATIC DEPARTMENT.

—309—

## Anacreon.

To a Bowl.—*σις ποτήριον.*—ODE XVII,

Vulcan! fashion not for me,  
Gorgeous, labor'd panoply.  
What have I to do in fight?  
Rather, with the silver bright,  
Fraime a deep capacious Bowl,  
Where a purple tide may roll.  
Grave not, 'round, Boötes' car,  
Pleiades that gleam afar,  
Nor Orion's lamp of woe,—  
What have I with these to do?  
Seemlier far, that vines be trac'd,  
With ripe pendent clusters grac'd:  
Here, let Bacchus tread the juice;  
Blithe assisting, introduce  
Sportful Love, with golden hair,  
And my sweetly smiling Fair.

T. S.

## Indian News.

Nagpore, January 12, 1822.—The Madras Nagpore Subsidiary Force is breaking up. The 3d Light Cavalry and Horse Artillery, under the command of Major Rainsford of the former Corps, marched out of the lines on the 11th instant, for Secunderabad; the 1st Battalion 6th Regiment and 2d Battalion 23d Regiment Madras Infantry, under the command of Colonel Wisett of the former Corps, marched this-morning: the 6th for Bangalore and the 23d for Bellary; the 1st Battalion 8th Regiment, marched this-morning out of the lines, for Jaulnah; the 1st Battalion 4th Regiment and 2d Battalion 20th Regiment, move out to-morrow morning, under the command of Major Yates of the latter Corps; the Foot Artillery Madras European Regiment, quit this on the 17th, for the new road through the Hills towards Ellore, under the command of Major Nixon of the Artillery; by which route, also the 1st Battalion 19th Regiment proceed from Chandah. In a week more, there will not (with the exception of those Officers now attached to the Presidency or in the Rajah's Service), be a single man of the Madras Army within sight of Seetabuldee Hill. It is understood, as being extremely probable, that the Bengal Subsidiary Force will form a new Cantonment, on the banks of the Canaan River, and that the present scite will be abandoned: this is a severe blow to the Officers of the relieved Force, as their private property in houses, which will be consequently lost, amounts to the large sum of upwards of One and a Quarter Lac of Rupees;—this loss will press heavily upon many of the Officers for years to come, unless Government relieve them from it. Unfortunately, for a considerable part of the Force, they only arrived here within the last ten and eleven months, and have consequently had but little use of their houses.—*Letter.*

*Theatrical Funds.*—We have not unfrequently to accuse ourselves of judging too precipitately, and we have to complain of many of our correspondents for the same reason. If the information which has just reached us be correct, and judging from the channel through which it has come, we have no reason to doubt its authenticity, the Proprietors and Managers of the Chowringhee Theatre may be now accused of having judged and acted too precipitately, when they appointed a Benefit night for the Theatre, and doubled the price of the tickets, in order to make up for losses which it appears have not been sustained. It is far indeed from our ideas to charge the above personages with complaining of losses which they did not feel at the time to be heavy and vexatious; but that they were not total or irretrievable, and that now they no longer remain at all, is proved by the intelligence obtained yesterday from Madras, that the confidential Officer of the Theatre, from whose malversations they arose, has answered all the claims of the Establishment to the satisfaction of Messrs. Binny and Co. of that place, who were authorized to recover the amount.—*John Bull.*

## Miss Maypole on Public Assemblies.

Sir, To the Editor of the Calcutta Journal.

I am quite delighted at the perusal of those sensible observations, contained in your JOURNAL of the 10th instant, on the subject of Assemblies and Dancing: and I can faithfully assure you that a very large majority of my own sex, taking the married and single Ladies together, are in favour of a Revolution in the Ball-room-affairs of this Empire. And, now that the subject is under discussion at the Capital, I trust and hope that the young Ladies who adorn its Society will form some sort of rebellion or conspiracy to rouse their Papas and Mamas into a little exertion on their behalf; so as to afford the young Gentlemen, the opportunities they must naturally desire, of exhibiting, better than Payne's First Set of Quadrilles enable them, to show the proficiency they have attained in two of the Arts which are never neglected in a good Education, namely, the Art of Pleasing, and the Art of Dancing.

For my part, Mr. Editor, I am at a loss to know for what purpose so much pains was taken with me at School, to make me a graceful Dancer; for it is truly vexatious to relate, that although living in a Society where two Quadrilles or at least one, might easily be got up for our amusement at each others' Houses once a week, I have sometimes had to pass through a whole Cold Season without going to above two Dances; and at them, the whole variety from the old dowdy English Country Dance of Queen Elizabeth's time, was "Payne's First Set of Quadrilles," which was growing old before I left School A. D. 1810; and even that, so few could dance, that it was sour grapes to more than half the Ladies, and many of the dancing Gentlemen, who thought proper to disapprove or ridicule what they were too lazy or too stupid to learn.

Indeed, Sir, I am quite of the opinion of Mr. SOBERSIDES, that a great many reforms are wanting, besides Ball-room reformations, to make our Society what there is plenty of intellect, plenty of good fellow-ship, abundance of good-breeding, taste, and hospitality to make of it, in a very little time. The only thing to do is to sweep away the rubbish of past ages, to make use of our own good sense and judgement, instead of the sense and judgement of our unlettered prejudiced Forefathers; to shake hands politely with Antiquity, and model our doings upon her forms no more than the highly improved state of the human mind in these days, and sober unsophisticated reason will sanction. It is indeed high time we should leave off the barbarous custom of rejecting improvements merely because it has been the custom, or because it may give a little trouble to those who are interested in keeping to the old beaten track and fear to be sufferers by what they term innovation.

Should any of the Ball-room Stewards, desirous of varying the Dance, ask me how is it to be done? I answer, Do it as you learn any thing else,—practice it. In Europe, no people ever think of dancing Quadrilles (especially new ones) together, without previously meeting and walking over the figures. This might just as easily be done in Calcutta, as it is done in Bath and London; and the Spectators would by such arrangement see every variety of figure that has been introduced in Quadrilles, instead of being tired at seeing one old thing over and over again repeated.

I hope these free opinions will not alarm or displease any of the Public Functionaries, or cause any further Criminal Informations against you if you publish them; for my modesty would naturally prevent my unveiling myself, even to you.

The Ladies, Sir, be assured, feel as lively an interest as any of the reforming Gentlemen can do, in the prosperity of a Paper which every honest unbiass'd person acknowledges, has done more good in India than all the rest of the Papers published in the country; and I will not scruple to write, what I could not for burning blushes say to you, that is

I am, Sir,

Dandelion Terrace, }  
Patna, Dec. 20, 1821. } MARIA MAYPOLE.

## Letters from the Mountains.

We have lately received several valuable Communications from our esteemed Correspondent, the TRAVELLER in the Mountains, which we shall lay before our readers as soon as the various claims upon our space which daily present themselves will permit. It is matter of gratification to us, while our distinguished countryman, Captain Parry, is successfully exploring that quarter of the globe which has so long excited the curiosity and baffled the hopes of navigators, that there are not wanting some also on this side of the world who are willing to encounter difficulty and danger in extending the bounds of Geographical knowledge. Whether it be from the TRAVELLER daily acquiring a more intimate knowledge of these countries, and the language and manners of the people, which he is therefore every day more and more qualified to describe; or from his readers becoming more thoroughly acquainted with the subject on which he writes, we know not, but it appears to us that his Letters becomes daily more interesting, and we therefore hope we shall long have the pleasure of submitting, from time to time, a continuance of them to our readers. The following is the sequel of the Narrative published in the JOURNAL of the 29th of December, page 608.

*Sheekhar, August 14, 1821.*—The direct road to Leeo was represented to us as utterly inaccessible to persons with baggage. I therefore sent the Camp forward by the way of Chango and proceeded by myself. The distance is 12 miles, and the route lies down the glen of the Speetee along the edge of the mountain slope. The road, although good, is a progressive acclivity for half the journey, and the fatigue of climbing is augmented by the intense heat, which is collected and radiated by the arid surfaces of the rocks; so that the Traveller receives but little agreeable recreation from the height of the region to which he ascends.

The summit of the road is 12,900 feet above the Sea, and is approached by a strath thickly clad in furze, among which as one recognizes the russet mantle of heather, he looks around in expectation of starting grouse. A few fields of barley or wheat, on a southern exposure, had a better appearance than we could expect at this extraordinary height. In front, crossing the line of road, is seen a ridge of white cliffs stretching out from the stem of a range patched with eternal snow. The ground slopes away to it, and one hurries forward with all the eagerness naturally resulting from the accomplishment of passing the crest of a six miles ascent; the ridge of cliffs in view only raising their heads above what appears a continuity of surface, till the Traveller arrives suddenly at the brink of a chasm, perhaps neither equalled or exceeded in craggy horror by any gorge in the whole mountains, and into which he must descend with no very certain prospect of getting out again. In the bottom of this water-worn abyss, the Barometer was 20.348, answering to an elevation of 10,700 feet.

The stream is chiefly fed by the eternal snow, and offers a grateful refreshment to the weary Traveller, half choked by whirlwinds of dust, and blind from the glare of the rocks in his tardy descent over the loose surface. The rock here is chiefly limestone; but banks of a substance like pudding-stone overhang the stream, through which springs of water filter exhibiting all the tints of the rain-bow; and in one place a stream gushes forth from the solid mass and is precipitated in a transparent cascade. From this, the angle of ascent is generally 34°, and the hypothenusal distance one mile; and in this space we were perpendicularly elevated 2,000 feet. Difficulty and danger in a thousand forms, attended our progress. The whole slope is of a calcareous nature; and by the alternate action of melting snow and frost, some places are so much indurated that the toe cannot get any support to preserve the balance which is always inclining to the chasm beneath; and the hands, in grasping at the bank, often bring away the mass of rock laid hold of, which displaces others in its passage, till they are showered together to the bottom amidst confusion and noise. Niches required frequently to be cut for the support of the foot, and during this period it is absolutely necessary to have a hold by the nearest knob of rock, frail as it often is. Travellers then appear in a line half-hanging over the precipice. The persons with

baggage could never have mounted over such places in safety. The road is more intricate than it was in 1818, when a train of 60 loaded persons passed with difficulty. How we then succeeded free of accident still surprises me. Every year creates a fresh obstacle to adventure, and a short time hence the passage will be annihilated, presenting only an unapproachable wreck.

We reached the top without any misfortune, but wearied with climbing. We sat upon the verge of the gulph, and enjoyed the refreshing temperature of a breeze at the height of 12,600 feet, blowing over an extensive heath, which continues with a slight depression for a mile. We then descended very rapidly by zigzag tracts, upon a face of loose gravel, to Lee or Leeo. The journey occupied me 7 hours, but the Camp having made a circuit by crossing and recrossing the Speetee, did not arrive till night. We had rain throughout the march; but as usual only slight showers.

Leeo contains 20 families of Neengma Lamas, and 4 Nuns. It occupies a slip of soil upon the right bank, and in the bed of the Speetee, embosomed by sterile masses glowing under the ardor of tropical sun. From this the climate acquires a delicious softness: the productions are varied and of rank growth; and we are regaled in as in a garden, amid piles of granite, clay, parched mountain ranges, and eternal snow. On the north of the village, is an extensive well cultivated plain, studded over with apricot trees. On the east is an insulated rock, 60 feet high, which was formerly the site of a fort now in ruins. Southward it is washed by a stream named Leepah, falling into the Speetee, a bow-shot distant; and on the west, is the acclivity of mountains terminating in eternal snow, and unproductive. The extreme height of the village is 9,200 feet.

*August 15.*—We were, this-day, detained by rain. In the evening it cleared up, and the snow appeared to have descended on the granite range, across the river, to 16,000 feet, as I reckoned it fully 1,500 feet below the summit of the pyramidal peak to which we formerly assigned 17,500 feet. When I was at Nako the lower limit was certainly not under 18,500 feet, as there was only a narrow border on the ridge we visited near Purgeool, which is 18,700 feet.

In the afternoon I walked down to the Speetee, and was instantly struck with the great stretch of the stream within the banks. I resolved to measure it and sent back for the tape and small Theodolite. Marking out 100 feet upon the sand, I took the bearings of a stone on the opposite side from the extremities. It was a beautiful evening, and I proceeded to the calculation on the spot; but you will be surprized at the result. By a rough protraction the breadth of the river came out 252 feet, and consequently I concluded it was erroneous. I therefore tried it again, performing the operation with more exactness on a larger scale; but this giving 260 feet led me to suppose an error in the observation of the angles although they were read off twice. I then fixed on another point a quarter of a mile up the stream, and measured a base of 200 feet, observing the angles as before; and this when protracted made the breadth 277 feet. I was now convinced of the fact. On returning to Camp I calculated both the operations by Logarithms, and obtained 268 and 274 feet. These were by no means the extreme breadths, and they appeared to me only the medium. The river at this spot is very rapid, and at this season I think contains even a greater body of water than the Sutluj.

*August 16.*—I proceeded to Hango, a distance of 7½ miles. Crossing the Lepak under the village by a firm well-raised sangho, we commenced the journeying by a formidable ascent of 1½ mile, the angle of the road varying from 15 to 20° which brought us to the height of 11,600 feet. At this level we proceeded for one mile, winding round the sharp projections of the rocks into recesses and out again where the path-way bordered upon mural precipices of 2 and 3,000 feet terminating in the Lee. They were all composed of a crumbling schist, so shattered by age that the Traveller shudders as he picks his steps among them. We now turned our backs to the Lee and its dark abyss, and entered the Chooling Dell, which sends down its waters to this river. To the south-west the faces of the mountains assume a less savage character; but they are arid and stripped of soil. No grass covers them; but a few tufts



of aromatic plants and broom is all the vegetation they present. The want of moisture in the bowels of the mountain, the gravelly nature of their surface which reverberates the fierce rays of the sun, and the dry state of the air, give a parched feature to the country, which is more bleak and desolate than the regions of the eternal snow. With such a scene around us, the appearance of a village and green fields is singularly pleasing to the eye; and we passed those of Chooling and Hara, where limestone predominates; and crossing the pebbled bed of the stream we ascended through yellow fields to the Camp.

The village of Hango is fully 11,400 feet high: it has four distinct divisions, viz. Hangme, Hang, Thoongrama, and Ghonpa. These contain 30 families of Tartars and 2 Nuns. It is situated at the head of a dell, in the bosom of cultivation, extending nearly a mile in one direction and half that in the other. There are a few poplar trees, but apricots do not vegetate. I have seldom seen more luxuriant crops: the ear of the *Oon* shewed so large and full that I was induced to count the grains, and I found the average of eight, picked casually, to be 78 fold. The produce here is the same as at Nako: most of the fields were ripe, and some even cut. The glen runs nearly east and west; a stream flows on each side of it, and one through the middle; and the supply of water never fails. The mountains are limestone, and assume a variety of forms.

Camp-Soongnum, Aug. 18, 1821.

A TRAVELLER.

### A Soldier's Dream.

The victory was decisive, and the whole force had returned to —, a distance of about four miles from the scene of action, but I remained behind, being too weak to walk, and in reality sad at heart. The cold winds of night galled my wounds to such a degree that I groaned most piteously; enough to have pierced the dull ears of my dead friends around me. Amid this scene of darkness, death, and desolation, I was startled by the sound of a footstep, and gazing stedfastly towards the spot from whence it proceeded, just discovered the dim shadow of a man. At this moment the red moon emerged from between two dark clouds. It was the Officer of my Company, whom I had always observed to have a touch of the Byronic love of sarcasm in his nature. He was too much absorbed in contemplation to recognize me, though I had fought and received my wounds by his side. "Who are you?" said he:—"A Soldier." "Who did you fight for?"—"Myself." "For what?"—"Pay." "Fellow! in your motives and conduct you are far from companionless!" This said, he drew his cloak around him, and walked away, leaving me struck with his questions and deportment.

The moon had again disappeared; the winds were high and piercing; and the cold dews of heaven had wet me to the skin. But notwithstanding the coldness of the night, and the freshness of the breeze, I was almost overpowered with the stench of the dead, some of whom had been lying in that state for three days exposed to the putrifying influence of a hot sun. At last, oppressed with cold, pain, and inconvenience, after taking two or three great coats from the backs of those who but a little while ago might have required them as much as myself, and the touch of whose cold clay thrilled me to the quick, I wrapt myself up as well as I could, and some how or other fell insensibly into a feverish slumber, which produced the following bewildered Dream, in which it is evident the speech of my Officer is not forgotten.

I thought I was still wandering about on the field of battle, and congratulating myself that the pain of my wounds had much abated; when I was surprized and shocked, at the skirt of a thick wood, by the appearance of a being who seemed to have nothing of mortality about him but its cruelty. I found that it was the *Spirit of Death*. Words would but ill express my horror and grief, when he exclaimed with a voice of thunder, "*Wretch, thy mortal career of legal murder is over! From the apathy or malice of thy nature thou hast provided me with many a prey; but it is now thy turn to be sacrificed. Follow me!*" I then imagined, that after walking an immense distance through almost impenetrable glooms, I sunk down exhausted with fear and fatigue. The spirit of

Death then glanced a look at me, which quite overpowered the little remaining fortitude I possessed, and left me for some time lost to every sensation.

I know not how long I remained in this state of lethargy and forgetfulness; but I was at last roused by the din of clashing swords, shrieks, and horrid cries, which appeared to proceed from the inside of an immense inclosure, whose walls of adamant reached higher and farther than the eye could follow. At the inner door I saw a form which appeared to my imagination to be the Recording Angel. He came to the outer door, and ordered me in, with several others whom I had left dead on the field of battle. We would willingly have declined; for there was a something searching and unpleasant in the expression of his countenance; but it was in vain. After having examined us all minutely with regard to our motives of action through life, he singled out one who had died in defence of his father, from the attacks of a party of the enemy who had surrounded him. There was another also whom he put aside, who shewed to his satisfaction that he had no other prospect in fighting than the good of his country. There was an Officer whom I particularly remarked, who was in his life-time much applauded for his bravery and conduct in many trying engagements in another quarter of the globe. When his motives of action were inquired into, his reply was *Glory*. The Angel remarked that he was somewhat concerned for him, as he saw some noble traits in his character, but which, however, would not stand too severe a scrutiny, and that he was obliged to leave him with those who had slain their fellow creatures upon *selfish principles*. He then turned towards an immense golden gate, superbly ornamented, which opened as he approached, and discovered a flight of steps, at the summit of which we could just discern the glittering splendour of the lower part of a throne; but it dazzled our eyes like the sun at mid-day. He was followed, or rather accompanied, by the Champion of his Country, and the Defender of his Father, and the gates instantly closed. He almost immediately returned, but without the Youth who had sacrificed himself at the shine of Filial Affection, or the Patriot who had died for his Country's good.

The Angel then delivered us over to the charge of a Demon, whom he called the *Genius of Slaughter*, and who led us on with a dreadful look of exultation to the distant crowd, at the farther end of the enclosure, the din of whose shrieks and swords had already filled us with horror. In vain did we endeavour to remain; we were impelled by a secret and irresistible force. Yet I had courage to turn to the Fiend who conducted us, to request he would inform us of our destiny, and of the meaning of the many things we had witnessed. "My friend," said he, with a smile that made my heart sink within me, "it was the malice of mankind that brought this vast assembly together: this is the *Hell of Battle!* Take these good swords (thrusting one into the hands of each of us), slay those you can, take your fill of human blood, and meet the reward which your courage and skill in slaughter demands. Take, Wretches! take these swords; they will be found of better stuff than those manufactured on earth; they were made for eternity!"

We prepared to receive them with fear and trembling; but the moment we had done so, we were inspired with an unaccountable fury, and rushed with one impulse to the scene of action. I immediately recognized one whom I had regarded with the most implacable hatred through life. I now struck deep at his heart with a fiend-like joy. My aim did not fail; but what was my disappointment, surprise, and horror, when I found that Death here relinquished his power; and that we were condemned to feel its varied pangs without its wonted prospect of release. My antagonist now turned on me, and defense was vain; he stabbed me in the most vital parts, and in the midst of the most excruciating agony I awoke.

It was morning, and the sun's long ray just gleamed upon the ghastly faces of my dead companions. I threw off their infected coats; and as I felt my wounds less painful, you may believe I was right glad to hasten from a scene which had inspired such a dream of horror.

Banda.

MILES.

**To a Lady.**

1.  
Oh, think not, my Love! I forget thee,  
Though my lyre be not strung to thy praise;  
Nor deem that I cease to regret thee,  
Though unsung be the heart-thrilling rays  
That shine in their heaven of hazel—  
The eloquent hue of thine eyes—  
Which melt the beholder, or dazzle,  
As varied emotions arise.

2.  
Though my Muse hath afforded no token,  
The truth of attachment to prove,  
Believe not that distance hath broken  
The tie that was woven by Love!  
But it saddens the heart of thy lover,  
Tho' kind was thy look to the last,  
To think on the joys that are over,  
To muse on the days that are past.

3.  
To think thy soft glances may never  
Again, kindle feeling to flame—  
Have we parted, Beloved! for ever?  
No—not if thou still art the same!  
Though lonely, my bosom shall nourish  
A hope, to alleviate pain;  
The hope, which so fondly I cherish—  
In gladness to meet thee again.

4.  
That hope, on thy constancy rested,  
Each throb of my heart shall renew,  
For there is thy image invested  
With all that is tender and true!  
Oh! if thus, in its shelter, thy bosom  
The bud of Affection embower,  
Be it mine, Love! to open the blossom,  
And cherish so lovely a flower!

W

**Performance of Brutus.***To the Editor of the Calcutta Journal.*

SIR,

I had the good fortune (for such I consider it) to be present on Friday Evening last at the Chowringhee Theatre, and can add my testimony to the truth of the praise that has been bestowed upon the brilliant efforts of the Amateur who sustained with such *éclat* the character of BRUTUS. There is one circumstance, however, which seems to have been overlooked, and which appeared to me to prove, in a most striking manner, his extraordinary self-command, and the perfect mastery he had acquired over his arduous undertaking. I allude to the circumstance of his wig falling off, an accident which might for a time have discomposed the most experienced Actor, or at least have caused more or less laughter among the audience; but what was the case here? It happened to a *Debutant*, yet so completely had he rivetted the attention of the audience to every thing he said or did, that several persons to whom I have mentioned it, I found, to my no small surprize, were altogether ignorant that such a thing had occurred! I cannot conclude without adding how much I was delighted with the fine expression of his countenance, the changes of which were truly admirable; and the ease with which all his attitudes were so gracefully displayed, as if he had worn the buskin for years instead of hours.

When I tell you that the motive which actuates me in sending you this letter, is a wish to do justice to merit. I feel persuaded it will find an early insertion in the pages of your widely-circulated JOURNAL.

I am Sir, your obedient Servant,  
A VISITOR ON THE WING.

**Major Watson.**

*Field Army Orders, By Major General Sir G. Martindell, K. C. B. Commanding in the Field. Head-quarters, Cawnpore, Jan. 16, 1822.*

Major General Sir G. Martindell cannot admit of the departure of Major Watson, Deputy Adjutant General of the Army, from the Field Command, without publicly recording his unqualified approbation of the zeal, diligence and ability with which Major Watson has performed the arduous duties of his office.

Although the Major General regrets exceedingly that circumstances have occurred which will deprive him of the services of an Officer of such sterling ability, and one for whom he has the strongest personal esteem and regard; still it affords him particular gratification to know he is selected to fill a situation of higher trust and responsibility; which the Major General has no hesitation in saying, he will conduct to the entire satisfaction of his Superiors, and with credit to himself. In conclusion, Sir Gabriel Martindell requests Major Watson will accept his warmest thanks and sincere wishes that health, happiness, and prosperity may attend him wherever the exigencies of the service may call him.

J. C. B. PARKE, Offg. Depy. Adj. Gen.

**Farewell Entertainment.**

Cawnpore, January 17, 1822.—The party given on Tuesday last, to Major and Mrs. Watson was more than usually brilliant at Cawnpore. nearly eighty ladies and gentlemen, judiciously paired by the Stewards, sat down to a most excellent dinner, at which the greatest harmony and convivial enjoyment prevailed. When the cloth was withdrawn, Colonel Penny, who was in the chair, in the first instance, gave the usual loyal toast; after which the health and happiness of Major and Mrs. Watson was given in language appropriate to the feelings, which all those who knew the parties, in whose honor the Entertainment was given, sincerely entertained for them. The eulogium paid to the Deputy Adjutant General must have been particularly gratifying to his feelings—since he might conscientiously in his own heart, know that it was due to him, as well for his urbanity in office and his gallantry in the field as for his manly character in society.

The health of Major General Sir Dyson Marshall, the father of Mrs. Watson, was drunk with peculiar sentiments of veneration for "the old soldier tired of war's alarms," and now enjoying an honorable retirement, adorned with the star of royal approbation and merit.

It afforded the society the greatest pleasure to see our gallant General Sir Gabriel Martindell in the enjoyment of high health and spirits; his health was of course drunk with the applause due to his eminent services, and to his private virtues. Many other toasts were given, and we need not add our most Noble the Commander in Chief was unanimously proposed after Royalty, and drunk with that enthusiasm always felt when the name of "Hastings" is mentioned. The insinuating toast of "a pleasant dance to the ladies," sent them away—perhaps rather too early in some instances but they had their revenge by keeping us in dance till one o'clock before we went to supper; but of this who could complain?—even had he gone without dinner, for the smiles and good humour of the ladies on this occasion, were more than usually exhilarating. The quadrilles were performed with great spirit and accurate dancing, by ladies particularly admired for their elegance in this accomplishment. The Spanish dance being over, we at length sat down to a neat Supper; and afterwards resumed the dance for an hour or two, when the party broke up, and retired, no doubt, perfectly pleased with the entertainment of the evening. The absence of some of our fair friends were extremely regretted; and it is to be hoped that on a similar occasion, they will be kinder to our wishes.—*Hurkaru.*

**To Correspondents.**

The Poetic Epistle, describing the unhappy Loves of "PAT O'SCARLET" and signed "MAC-HUMBBUG MAC-KETCH," though not without wit and merit, is so decidedly personal as to be wholly inadmissible.

The Writer of the Letter, signed "VERAX," is informed that we have the name and address of the Author of the Letter signed "ONE OF THE FORTY," which VERAX has neglected to furnish with his Statement. The Editor has reason to believe also that it will be more agreeable to the party to whom this Statement relates to suspend its publication, for the present at least.

**Births.**

At Titagur, near Barrackpore, on the 26th instant, the Lady of Major J. L. STUART, of a Son.

At Madras, on the 8th instant, the Lady of GEORGE STRATTON, Esq. of a Son.